

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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## ON TO GRAFTON

An Account of the March to Grafton by the Virginia State Volunteers, in 1861

FROM THE DIARY OF CHAS. L. CAMPBELL

Some Explanatory Remarks by W. T. Price, in Reference to the Diary and its Author. A Graphic Account of the March to Grafton.

The compiler of "On to Grafton" regards it as happily providential that he has been so favored as to have Mr Campbell's diary as a companion piece with Mr Wilson's valuable notes, in that it forms such a fitting conclusion to the whole story in hand. Charles Lewis Campbell, the soldier chiel who took the notes he referred to, is a native Highlander. The War between the States brought with it sad, eventful four years, quenched in blood and tears the aspirations of the young life. Very successfully had he entered upon higher studies with a view to a university course for some one of the learned professions, but the results of the war, in his case were such that he could not realize his literary and professional aims and be true to his aged parents in their straightened circumstances.

In other pursuits, however, into which his manifest duty led him, he has made a noble record. At present he is a resident of Gilroy, California, a useful and greatly respected citizen.

In a letter he writes: "The Highland Recorder of March 28, 1902, with its 'On to Grafton' request is responsible for these pages from my journal, kept during the civil war, except some short periods on account of the difficulties of obtaining memorandum books as needed. I give you copy just as written, leaving out personal opinion and comment. These items, together with my admiration of the ladies, seem to be the chief topics of the journal. I am glad that I kept these notes, tho not copious; I can by them now recall incidents not therein mentioned."

Thursday, April 18, 1861.—Afternoon go to the postoffice with P. L. The news is that the Federal Government has declared war against the Southern Confederacy, calling for 200,000 troops from Virginia. Well, Virginians will never obey this call, never, but will go when called upon to repulse this invading Republican horde. Our numbers may not be large, but the spirit we have with us. The North and South in arms against each other will mark a sad day—the saddest ever to fall upon our country. We must meet the crisis, "weal or woe."

Thursday, May 2, 1861.—"May Court." To town with Ananias C. Agood many persons in attendance. Hear speeches from Messrs Michie, Skinner, Allen, and Hull, all advocating immediate preparations in aid of volunteer companies. I can say that I volunteer cheerfully. Our lives are very dear; our homes our country our liberties, our honors are dearer. An unholy war is waged upon us, not of our own making. We volunteer, are called to drill with music of Monterey band.

Three cheers are given to the Confederate band.

Friday, May 3, 1861.—We admire in woman everything which is soft and gentle in their ordinary environment. Their lives are comparatively passive and what fascinates them most is a sense of active power in strenuous men. "He, who scans and fixes the destinies of nations" fixes that of individuals.

We the "strong young men" are to go forth to battle to maintain our sense of right and liberty. Our earthly careers may be cut very short. Bright young intellects not yet fully developed lost and ruined. I have one great regret: the giving up of a collegiate course.

Horace Greeley, one of the presiding spirits of abolitionism and all that is hateful to a free, loving people, has said if Maryland secedes, he will plough the soil with cannon and sow it with gunpowder. There may be truth in his effort, but the poetry is brutal.

Evening go to town for the purpose of drill preparatory to starting to western border of our State on tomorrow. The Churchville Cavalry arrives; see my friends belonging to it. They are in fine spirit, and I think they are good men. Take a walk about town with Dr Hamilton and others. We will all be together. The Highland Sax Horn Band gives some music. Home after night; make up my pack and go to bed. I have some sleep. The last night at home perhaps.

Saturday, May 18, 1861.—On the way to town meet our Highlanders Ride on and say good bye in Monterey made and speeches by Lieut. Cochran and others to quite a crowd. On to Haversers where quite a crowd await us: a cavalry parade; speeches by Rev Mr Pullin, Lieut. Cochran and Myers. After spending an hour a

start is made, goodbyes, tears, prayers and blessings from all who are dearest to us. Some of the ladies ride along with our train to Top of Alleghany. During the day have rumors of an insurrection in Bath, but do not give much credit to the report. Over Greenbrier River at Burners Barn encamp.

My messmates as made up to night are Kenney, Osborn, Elbert Ananias, Stuart, J. C. Matheny, Allen Hight, and Amos Curry. A good civil crowd.

We sleep in a barn, or rather lie there. I do not sleep at all. Am on guard from 2 till 4; then by the fire till dawn.

Sunday, May 19, 1861.—Sunday morning. I can't realize it; so much noise, running about. The company makes demand for arms and Captain Hull gets them; prove to be old flint locks altered to percussion. We must have better.

The march begins over Cheat. Hard work for me. Some of the cavalry officers kindly offer Bradshaw and sell their horses to ride from last top down. We are glad to accept. Encamp at Crouche's at foot of Cheat. It rains; mess in it. Quarter in house on floor, putting wet blankets down first, then the dry. Allen Hite seems to be our best cook. It will take some discipline to cool down some of our company.

Monday, May 20, 1861.—Start off in rain and mud, a short march to Huttonsville. Am kept on drill a long time, learning use of arms, salutations, etc. It is tiresome work to me. See Mr Hill during the day. Make a visit to the store Captain Sterritt invites me to partake of some of the good things just in from Churchillville. Write home from one of the town houses. The Pocahontas Cavalry and Pendleton Guard arrive. Cavalry is without arms, but suppose will be supplied from the train with us. Ananias and self stay at Dr Butcher's, near by. Mrs B. is talkative, something of a politician.

Tuesday, May 21, 1861.—The four companies start in the m. arriving at Beverly about 2 p. m. A hearty reception. The ladies wave their handkerchiefs, strew their flowers with their smiles and tears. These manifestations are charming to the untired soldiers. Get a good lunch from a private house. About twelve of us go on to Baker's, a mile distant, and spend the night by invitation. We are kindly entertained; wish us success, though the family is Union. There are now five companies in Beverly, perhaps 500 men. Speeches were made at night. Lieut. Myers gets credit for making best one.

Wednesday, May 22, 1861.—The companies are mustered around town until we are worn out. The ladies present bouquets to the officers. Our company turns over fifty muskets to Franklin Guard. Beverly is rather an old, gloomy-looking place. The ladies sing "Dixie" as we depart. Seventeen miles to Belington, where we encamp. Some of us lodge in a private house. But one room for old folks, young ladies, and ourselves. Our bed on floor by a fire.

Thursday, May 23, 1861.—Roll-call at 4.30. Leave Belington early. Am sick today. Col. Turk, Captain S., George Hanger and others are kind in giving me their horses in turns. The Philippi co. meets us. Our train is a mile long. Every few miles the people assemble to see us. Some cry, some cheer. Some are silent. I heard one old lady say that we were going to be killed in their defense. Reach Philippi, about 10 o'clock; a place of some pretensions. The ladies greet us with their presence from windows and doors, waving handkerchiefs.

Speeches of welcome are made. Get our dinners free at hotels and other places. See some pretty ladies, but no familiar faces. A kind woman entertains A. Lightner and self to supper.

Friday, May 24, 1861.—Last night had orders to march at 9 p. m. I got in one of the wagons and got some sleep. After marching for some time ordered to load; probably an attack from Union people. Make quick march about 4 miles and stop. Camp at mill, eyes full of water.

Me to breakfast with him at private house. Entertainment for about twenty. The host is with our cause.

At Pruntytown we dine. Mr Anderson entertains about 60 soldiers. Taylor County gave 500 majority against secession. Before leaving some of the soldiers sing "Dixie" to please some of the secession families. Myers and Cochran make speeches for the occasion. Union is to make effort to find out our intentions. The Secessionists are of the best part of the people.

Leave Pruntytown at three to get to Fetterman at 5 in the evening. All seems quiet. Find about 200 troops in the place.

Saturday, May 25, 1861.—Had good quarters last night in the Academy. Drill in the morning, and stand about 4 hours. Leave the place for Grafton, our seeming destination. A place of some size situated in a hole; hills surround. I do not like the place—people all wrong. A good many of the worst left two nights ago. No cheers greet us here; no secession banners wave.

In the evening four or five little girls pass by the street with the stars and stripes in their hands. Guards out tonight from the various companies. A shot at midnight aroused the camp. So anticipated an attack. I fall asleep again. Mr Price arrived yesterday evening. Sermon in camp this a. m. Am on guard at "quarters"; consequently do not hear him. Nothing particular occurs today. Many are writing letters, putting on a shine, etc. Hear that a bridge has been destroyed west of us; do not know by whom. Evening Mr Price held services in the Methodist church. Very few attend except the soldiers. A deep gloom seems to be over the people. Carts and wagons running about. Persons leaving with baggage. Barbours Grays arrive this afternoon. Shower of rain.

The wagons that came out with us started back today. If I mistake not some of the soldiers are somewhat homesick. Some have never been so far and long from home.

Monday, May 27, 1861.—The day comes without molestation. Cavalry will go back to Fetterman. Ground here too rough and hilly for drill. We "Highlanders" are kept in camp today all on account of disorderly conduct of a few from a distant part of the county. Believe I have had the "blues" since coming here. The population is largely foreign black as midnight.

Tuesday, May 28, 1861.—At over o'clock we are roused up and ordered to march in two and one-half minutes with baggage. Ready in time for marching orders, which do not come before daylight, then go with piece of bread for breakfast. It is said that an "overwhelming" force of the enemy is coming. We go to railroad depot to catch baggage on cars for Webster. We march to that place on the track, except when driven off by a false alarm. The cars are coming on which are our enemies. Oh the confusion clearing that track! Our team which is crossing in the rear, rushes forward to join us on same side. Captain Moomau forms his guards ready to fire. There is pluck in the captain that I like. Some in the confusion thought our own train was the enemy's, and about to fire into it.

The cars do not come. After getting the long range men in the march was resumed to Webster. Here we shoulder our packs after getting our dinners. Taking the direction of Philippi, after marching four miles, baggage is put into an impressed wagon. Many are footsore. I am worn out. Reach Philippi at sundown. Here we find troops from Rockbridge. There are about fifteen hundred troops in the town. In the court house spend the night.

Wednesday, May 29, 1861.—The troops here are Rockbridge Cavalry, Churchville Cavalry, Franklin Guards, Pendleton Minute Men, Harrison State Guard, Upshur Grays, Highlanders, Pocahontas Rescues, Philippi Grays, Wild Horse Cavalry, Barbours Cavalry, and some Militia. A day of some rest. Not altogether rest; some are on guard, some scouting, others fixing up their provision boxes and equipment. Others drilling, sleeping, or writing. Some looking at the town, particularly at the ladies. This is a very nice little place. Many are our friends. A secession banner floats from the liberty pole.

THE VIRGINIA CONSTITUTION

The Virginia State Constitutional Convention had the misfortune to have three strings to their bow, and for a time affairs seemed rather equally. After almost a year of deliberation a revised constitution was agreed upon and then came up the question: what should be done with it for final ratification and acceptance as the organic law of Virginia. Three possible ways were recommended and supported. 1st, submit to the unabridged electorate. 2d, to an abridged electorate. 3d, have it simply proclaimed by the convention, no assent, without any voting about it, by the people. The proposition to proclaim has been agreed upon by a majority of 54 to 44. From all present indications there will be no serious kick made by the people at large. Dr. McIlwaine was for proclaiming, while Senator Daniel and Cyclone Jim Marshall were for submission, so our readers can readily see it was a ticklish question to decide upon. Some very astute persons predict that the outcome of proclamation will be to make Virginia a Republican State by next Presidential election. But this proposition is met by the fact that all Republican members strenuously opposed proclamation. Unless there be some strategem in their politics they could see most for their party in submission, not in proclamation.

Greenbrier Democratic primary May 31, nominated Messrs W. P. Lowe and H. L. VanSickler for House of Delegates; Jonathan Mays, Clerk of Circuit Court; C. B. Bester, Clerk of County Court; John D. Arbuckle, Commissioner of Court; L. W. Burne, Superintendent of Schools.

## WOODS AND WATER

Sportsmen are invited to join us in telling a Tale For this Column Now and Then.

### A DAY IN A BOY'S LIFE: THE FORENOON

Mr. Ariseth Early and Catcheth Kelt, as Recorded in Last Week's Paper Among Other Eventful Happenings in the Hunting of Two Piratical Bands.

After breakfast came family prayers, when John the Bad had to read his verse turn about with the others, and after that a question in the Shorter Catechism. There may be longer catechisms than the Shorter Catechisms, but they are not known to the average individual. After making the most stupendous task for the memory ever designed, the authors malignantly dubbed it the Shorter Catechism, to curb the conceit of the young one, for the name implies that at some future time there will be a longer one to tackle.

John was expected, before he was allowed to go to the creek, to throw off little things like this from memory:

"Effectual calling is the work of God's spirit, whereby, convincing us of our sin and misery, enlightening our minds in the knowledge of Christ, and renewing our wills, He doth persuade and enable us to embrace Jesus Christ freely offered to us in the Gospel."

After several ineffectual efforts he was able to perform the feat, and was free to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

There were suckers in the water and frogs on the bank. With a can of bait which had been carefully tuned up to the proper degree of offensiveness by time and assestetida, he started forth. That bait was calculated to have the same effect on the sucker that timbucker cheese has on a Dutchman.

Sucker fishing is mostly waiting. The pole is pegged down, and the sucker takes the bait in his own lazy way.

While waiting for the fish to bite, John made a detour to see whether a monstrous bull he knew of had come out on his customary perch by the stream.

This bullfrog, knowing the ways of boys, and plunging into the water at the first suspicion of danger had grown to gigantic proportions. He had his home at the foot of a great cottonwood tree, and perched every day on a little shelf formed by a root of the tree. When disturbed the bullfrog jumped into the pool and dived under the roots of the tree, his body distended with a store of air for his lungs. When all was still again he would emerge stealthily from the water and gradually work back to his perch to bask and sleep in the sun with his eyes open.

John approached from the rear, and saw the bullfrog with his big green head sitting above the water like a graven image. He drew back and taking his fishing pole tied an eel hook by a short piece of twine on the end of it. Some frog fishers use red flannel for frogs, but this frog knew the danger of red flannel, and John had failed with it before. He would try the naked hook.

The approach had to be executed with the greatest care. Presently the hook dangled in front of the game, but the frog made no move. He was asleep. The boy brought the hook gently against his head, and the frog woke up to see what he thought was a snake-doctor taking liberties with him, and made one fatal snap and was drawn forth grunting.

A frog when caught in this way will use its front feet, which are strangely like hands, to try to remove the hook, and it is horribly like a human being at such a time. John killed it as quickly as possible, not liking the look of it holding on to the hook with both its hands.

Just then Tom, Dick, and Harry from their own side of the creek, came patterning down the bank to him in a most exciting manner.

It seemed that Jim Sprout from the other side of the creek, had been seen sneaking along the rail fence in Wilder Bowlers meadow in the enemy's country.

At this time a war was going on between the boys on John's side and the boys on the other. It was dangerous to be caught out alone on the wrong side of the creek. He was apt to be bound to the stake and tortured.

Evidently Jim Sprout was on the wrong side of the creek for no good purpose, and plans were immediately laid to capture him and take vengeance for indignities laid through him by being captured in his territory. Several more of the West End boys came up and John who was at that time in command of the West End pirates, divided his forces into two squads.

His military mind suggested that Jim Sprout had sneaked over to carry off the bones of a horse that had recently died, and which the West End pirates had intended for their own use. The carcass

was as yet too rank for the somewhat esthetic West End boys to handle, and besides the man who kept the bone mill would not buy the bones so green.

Jim Sprout had probably come over to hitch to a portage of the carcass and drag it into his own territory, to be kept until it could be disposed of at one cent apiece, at the bone yard.

The captain sent off one squad to reconnoitre the field where the dead horse lay, while he lay in ambush with rest of the pirates on the opposite side which the scouting party would approach.

Jim Sprout looked up from his task of noosing a hind leg from the windward to see a band of his deadly enemies skulking behind some bushes. He fled, just as he was thinking he had escaped the pirates under John the Bad were upon him and tied him hand and foot. The rest of the pirates coming up, the captive was hauled to Pirates retreat, where a post had been set in the ground. This was known as the Stake.

The captive was lashed to the stake, while the pirates retired to discuss his fate.

The captain of the desperate band stuck his two-handed sword, made of trustiest lath wood, in the ground, and folding his arms addressed his band:

"Comrades, we have captured red-handed the scum of these here seas, Daredevil Dick. Onct your captivity was in the South Seas, shipwrecked on a desert island. His powder was wet and his sword had sunk to the bottom of the sea. Yon treacherous devil took him captive and threw him over a high cliff in the sea. He swam fur into the night and he struck terror firmer and was saved. What shall we do with him?"

"Kill him dead!" suggested a little boy who had hidden intowtwin behind his ma to spend the day. The captain fixed a gloomy eye on him and said:

"In course, but how?"

The little boy was so much impressed that he began to cry. Harry, who before he joined the pirates had been an Apache Indian, delivered himself thus:

"The Timberwolf has ketcheth the Coyote of the plain. The coyote is a thief. The timberwolf will kill the coyote and hang his scalp on to his wigwam." Flourishing his tomahawk, Timberwolf executed his conception of a wardance.

Dick, the Terror of Lone Canyon, had served in the Indian wars prior to his life as a pirate. He said his piece: "Pards, we must give the maverick a chanst for his life. Let every son of a gun draw out his pistol and tell the tenderfoot to run, and then shoot him full of lead."

These speeches were considered gems, but they did not amount to much. What the boys really intended to do was to cut some willow sprouts and beat Jim Sprout half to death. Jim would be welte-all over the body, and would simply curse and tell the enemy what he would do when he caught any of them on his side of the creek.

What really happened was that while the trial was going on Jim had loosened his rope and escaped with a start of thirty feet. The boys gave chase and ran him down into an old strawrick standing in a field hard by. Jim dived under it like a rabbit and emerged from the other side but in going through he had stopped long enough to strike a match and set the straw on fire.

The boys scattered at the sight of the fire, to come back soon with forty or fifty men and all the boys from both sides of the creek to watch the blaze. Peace was proclaimed, and the boys of both factions agreed that they would keep the case secret, but the setting of the stack on fire was such a stupendous piece of devilment that Jim was the leader of the allied forces for several days.

Parents tried to trace the fire home to the parties, but never succeeded.

John gathered up his bullfrog and cooked it on the kitchen stove under protest, as the cook considered the meat unclean.

### THE CAMPERS OUT.

Camping out either makes friends or enemies of us all.

When a man gets close to nature's bosom, a laurel stob gouging him in the back every time he turns over, breathing God's free air unstrained by curtains, fighting gnats with one hand while he frys bacon with other, his true inwardness reveals itself and makes his fellow sufferer love or hate him. Nothing like the "vast contiguity of shade" proves the truth of the old couplet, "Many men of many minds" so thoroughly. While at home, casually thrown with men in the daily struggle for existence, they all look alike and pass as a shadow out of one's mind when they are gone. You neither like or dislike them. If you think about it at all, the well-dressed, smooth talker makes the best impression; while the man with the "bark on" will not be considered. But the solitude that can be felt draws man to his fellow, and he studies him with an interest unthought of in civilization, and the

power that brings a man to study his brother causes the subject to reveal his character plainer than an open book that he who is along must read, whether he wants to or not.

We well remember a chance meeting of two parties of fishers in the woods who camped together after meeting. They ranged all the way from the boy who was experiencing his first camping trip to the man who had fished the stream when a single person could catch a barrel of trout a day. The majority of the party had lived too long, having seen better times in that particular creek, and had fished somewhere else where the fish had taken the lure so fast that it had become a weariness to bait the hook. The boy had an oppressed, uneasy feeling caused by the strange sounds, or lack of sounds, that filled his ears, and he knew not whether he was really enjoying himself or not, but he was loud in his manifestations of content.

The Printer had not a thing to worry his head about. He was never sure whether it was his love of nature or hatred of work that made him like to go fishing, and it did not make much difference to him whether the fish took the bait or let alone. All he wanted was to rest, and catch a big trout occasionally. He had caught a few trout the day before and had felt the weight of an 18-inch trout, had seen a deer track; any one of the above charms fully satisfying him for the 20 mile walk. They would fish in the main river in the morning and go look at a deer lick, and had at present a good bark shelter over their heads. Was not his cup which was in proportion as unto a growler—full, and why should any one want it to foam over. He lay and watched the big fire burn and knew that when it died down it would not be he who would rebuild it, for his Partner, with whom he had camped these many years, was a light sleeper and kept the fire going all night, and had the bacon sizzling before the printer was yet awake. He had not the energy to hope that the owls would lounge during the night for the edification of the boy, and he was soon asleep with his head covered by the well-worn hunting coat. The rain that came with the turning of the night only disturbed him long enough to pull the old coat over his face.

The big brawny lumberman had followed the woods as they retreated before his axe, and had gathered the harvest of the wilderness with an unsparing hand and wished for more. He saw panther signs in the forenoon which brought up tales of that wicked denizen of the forests shade. He had once had a panther to rear up on his horse's haunches. He admitted that he was scared but his horse was fairly terrified, and if a panther yelled that night they would have to walk out next morning for old Whiskers, who was alive and along, would not stay a minute. When it came to trout, the Blackwater at Davis was the place where they were, but there was nothing yet tried for bait that they would eat. On a summer's evening he had seen, he supposed, as many as 500 trout in the air at one time jumping for insects, while fishing there; then going below flume of the pulp mill, which carries the chemicals and refuse into the river. He caught five small trout. They appeared healthy and active, but were so thoroughly impregnated with sulphur and other things that a single mouthful would be all that anyone could eat.

Another of the party had been on the creek when there was not even a blazed way. The only trout he experienced was in making use of the trout caught. He and another had once brought a party of Washington sportsmen there. At the outset they had decided to keep no fish under six inches, but after a day's sport they had to amend their by laws and make the limit eight inches. Even then they caught fish until they just quit. Two large trout at a time was no unusual thing fishing with flies.

He reached for the tobacco bag, and the village blacksmith began to narrate the claims of Cheat River. He had caught fish as fast as a man could put them on a string, and would have to quit when he had enough, not because the fish stopped biting.

One used to haul freight from depot over the forty miles of mountain road from the railway. He was the most experienced camper of the lot, and consequently could get the most real enjoyment out of his pipe, which never waned, even when the stories waxed the most interesting. He remembered when times were more propitious for the woods than now, and he told stories of when the waters were alive with fish. But withal he was silent, only when it was suggested that he cook breakfast next morning.

All these tales antedated Partner, but he had made use of all opportunities to fish that ever came his way, and his voice was heard around the camp-fire. He was a good observer, and as he was ever ready to learn of the more experienced, his head was full of woods lore. He came from a long line of pioneers and hunters, and was always named among the forenost when the catch was counted.

The Printer did not want to talk

and he listened as he watched the fire, thinking how well he felt, and remembering the twelve, fifteen, and sometimes eighteen hour days he used to put in a hot stuffy room and the restless nights which followed. He had never seen the palmy days the others talked about, and knew what it was to fare worse, and as the gnats came not to eat up his flesh, he murmured not. He rolled to his place on the edge of the bark shanty, where the light of the fire was more subdued, and went to sleep, thinking that if it was not expedient for him to work, he "would blow his roll right here," as the song has it.

### THE FUN DOING GOOD.

We have often heard the expression "the greatest thing in the world"; "the greatest good in the world"; but it is only lately that we have heard of "the greatest fun in the world."

To offset the somewhat popular tendency in the popular mind just now to be gloomy and desponding in view of the late and pending wars, the unsettled relations between the employer and the employed, and the fluctuating financial affairs, a recent correspondent of a metropolitan paper of wide circulation and influence, writes about a way to find the greatest fun in the world.

This writer insists upon it that this fun may be found in acts of kindness, sympathy, and helpfulness, and to prove his contention refers to what was actually done not so very long since by a resident of New York. Little services were the chief pleasures of this person, his pastimes or recreations so to say. This person's history shows that when a person has a relish for anything he finds some way or time to enjoy it, no matter how much he may have on hands claiming attention.

This person's keen relish—which means fun, in doing good explains how he could find time for his pastimes or recreations. Among his acquaintances was a man paralyzed on one side, and could not walk without some one to support him. The only relative near him was a daughter employed as cashier in a store near by, and so had to leave him alone most of the day, in order to support her father and herself.

When this fun-loving man heard of them he at once saw that there was a chance for some of the fun he delighted in so much as a pastime, and he became a regular visitor, and this is the way he had his fun. Greeting the afflicted neighbor a cheerful good-morning with inquiries how he was feeling at the time. Then he would proceed to mention some interesting bit of news, or tell some amusing incident, and soon had the man in the invalid chair laughing heartily.

A little later on the conversation would take a serious tone after which the funny man would kneel by the cripple's side and offer prayer.

Upon ceasing from prayer, the visitor would put his arms around the paralytic, lift him out of his chair, and supporting him on his feet would walk with him a dozen or more times around the rooms giving him needed exercise and change, and then with a smiling goodby, would quit his fun and go somewhere else looking for a change of pastime such as would do good and be fun for himself.

W. T. P.